

"NOBLY PLANNED."

BY M. B. MANWELL, AUTHOR OF "THE BENTS OF BATTERSBY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NET IS SPREAD.

"GEOFF not here—not here!" It was a white, scared face that confronted Daisy Rivers, and Nell's voice died away in a piteous wail.

"Are you his sister?" timidly asked the other girl, with the copper-tinted hair. And then, before they quite knew how, the two were clasping each other's hands tightly—friends, in a flash, for life.

"Come in, dear, come in!" whispered Daisy, and Nell was gently drawn inside.

As the door of the house was closed, a watcher of the little scene, hidden in the dusk, caught his breath.

"God keep her safe!" was his muttered prayer, as John Ponsonby turned away. He could do no more for this girl, whom his heart peremptorily told him was still his nearest and dearest.

"How long is it since he—since Geoff disappeared?" asked Nell, faintly.

"Three weeks to-day!" was the broken answer; and Daisy busied herself taking off the new-comer's cloak and hat.

Presently Mrs. Rivers—a sad-eyed, patient-looking woman—entered. Somehow, Nell felt at home with both mother and daughter at once. Her timorous fears of strangers vanished; and in a short time she was sobbing out her story to the sympathising pair—all of it, that is to say, save Geoff's disgrace, which she was too loyal not to cover up from the world.

"Poor dear!" sighed the widow. "So adversity has fallen upon you also; you don't look fit to fight it."

And Daisy, as she softly stroked the slim, dimpled hand, so cold and white, silently endorsed her mother's verdict. "Is it some sudden misfortune, my dear?" went on the widow. "Your brother seemed so prosperous of late. There was no want of means; he paid up a long debt owing to us——" Mrs. Rivers halted abruptly at a furtive sign from Daisy.

"But," she resumed, "we've never seen nor heard of him for three weeks. His things are all lying here, and I wrote myself to his place of business to ask about him. Naturally we've been alarmed at his absence, Miss."

"And what did they say?" feverishly demanded Nell, standing up, alert with new fears.

"They said—here's their letter!" Mrs. Rivers reached it from the mantel-rack, in which Nell caught sight of two of her own unopened letters to Geoff. "They said simply that neither had

he been near the firm since that date, my dear."

Nell uttered a low cry of dismay. "Then nobody knows where our Geoff is! But I've come up to see Geoff; I must and will find him. Let me go!" she added, excitedly.

"This has been your brother's home, my dear; it shall be yours also until the mystery's cleared up!" The widow, mild as she looked, could be firm. To



"Are you his sister?"

suffer a young girl to roam over London on a wild-goose chase was what she would never do.

Nell had to submit—not only for that night, but for many others. There were no tidings of Geoff, and how to set about getting them the helpless women knew not. Day after day passed, and at the close of each the mystery looked blacker.

"We must advertise," said Nell frantically, at last; and people skimmed indifferently the pathetic little prayer beseeching "Dear old Geoff to write at once to Nell."

John Ponsonby read it again and again, with knitted brows; and Barbara Cleeve carried the newspaper containing it down to the Parsonage, where she and Anne shed secret tears over it.

"All the same, she's a little fool, is Nell!" Barbara angrily effaced the traces of weeping from her handsome face. For certain reasons it would never do that she should not be looking her bravest and loveliest. "The very best thing for us girls is that Geoff should have disappeared. Let him go, I say."

Anne of Cleves cordially agreed with her beautiful elder sister. She was, contrary to expectation, filling up the empty niche admirably. It would, therefore, be a tremendous misfortune were the objectionable Geoff to be dragged, with his misdeeds, into the light of day. Both of the sisters had fallen on their feet. Barbara was established in a wealthy home, and, by reason of her striking beauty, she had taken the fancy of her employer, an old woman given to sudden loves and sudden hates. A long line of successive companions had come and gone, bearing witness to her capricious temper. But in Barbara Cleeve Lady Standring had, for the first time, met a master mind. The girl's handsome personal appearance stood her in good stead; she was so stately that her employer, from the first, felt no small awe of her new companion. When Barbara's sharp instincts made her aware of this underlying respect for herself, it can be readily imagined that the ambitious girl felt she had grasped a powerful weapon. She was clever enough to know that so long as she did not cheapen herself in any respect, she would be established in the eyes of her purse-proud employer as a person of importance.

There was yet another new element in Barbara's life. Lady Standring's eldest son had never married; his mother was still mistress of the splendid home which had become his on the late baronet's death. Sir James Standring was a curious mixture of weakness and cunning. The latter, the predominant quality, had hitherto protected Sir James from the wiles of match-makers, and he had attained the age of fifty "fancy-free." So marked was his antipathy to the fair sex that his mother had not the faintest qualms of fear when the new companion turned out to be the handsomest she had ever engaged. "Poor dear James is so safe," argued his mother, comfortably. Even outsiders, who see most of the game, sniffed no coming danger in the air.

Things, indeed, were going smoothly for each of the sisters in their new life. To Barbara in particular the change had been a prosperous one rather than otherwise. As she leaned indolently back in the handsomely-appointed carriage in the place of honour facing her employer, a wizened little woman, who, hating a

draught like poison, sat with her back to the horses, Barbara Cleeve looked a very queen in her luxuriant loveliness of colour and form. It was this conspicuous bravery of beauty that struck the prim bachelor-baronet as a new revelation. At first it was as a superb human picture he regarded the new-comer who set off his equipages to such perfection.

All things about Sir James were of slow growth; everything mental in particular. Long before the germ of admiration for Barbara's beauty had quickened, the girl herself had planned out the life-programme that, shaped by her cunning skill, came at last into being.

Barbara was bent on becoming "My Lady," for it had been the paramount dream of her girlhood to own a title. The very sound was a sweet morsel to roll on her tongue.

"There's no one like her in the whole country-side!" Sir James in time woke up to say, and this recognition was the first step on his part. The ground was ready, therefore it only remained for Barbara to sow the seed; by-and-by she would reap the harvest.

"You really seem to be carrying all before you!" grumbled Anne of Cleves, enviously. "What an easy-going life is yours compared with mine! I'm slaving from morning to night after a set of noisy, unruly brats!"

"Bide a wee, Anne! Perhaps the day isn't far distant when you will have an equally easy-going time. I make you a present of Teddy Smythe and his proposal!" lightly observed Barbara, and a vivid red flew into her listener's face.

Teddy Smythe, spite of his banjo playing and his ponderous corporosity, had a sound, honest heart, which he had long since laid at Barbara Cleeve's feet. When ruin fell upon the Cleeve girls Teddy's manhood awoke. He rose up to work in sober earnest. Through his well-known father's interest in the county Teddy obtained a fairly promising post in Albury Town. The salary was small, but it would prove a backbone, and Teddy, in the joy of acquiring it, wrote a fervent proposal of marriage to Barbara, praying her to share the home which he would slave night and day to make more worthy of her. It was a pathetically simple letter, and deserved a better fate than to be scornfully thrown aside unanswered. Even Anne of Cleves secretly recognised that fact.

"There's no further news from Nell, I suppose?" she presently changed the subject by inquiring.

"No! none!" Barbara's face gloomed over. "None since she wrote to say that she had got that disgraceful situation in a shop!" Barbara's voice was lowered. "In fact, I haven't written to her, and I don't mean to, Anne! I can't have Nell ruining my prospects in life, so I wash my hands of her after this last shame she has brought upon our name."

"Well, I shouldn't go *that* far with our own sister!" said Anne, staunchly. "It's too horrible of Nell, I know, to go and take a situation in a wretched shop—fancy a Cleeve behind the counter!—but I couldn't actually cut dear old Nell altogether. You can't be serious, Barby!"

"But I am!" rejoined the irate Barbara. "I tell you, Anne, she shan't spoil my future!" Then, bending down, she whispered in Anne's ear.

"Not Sir James!" gasped Anne of Cleves aloud.
 "Hush—h! Perhaps I've been a fool to breathe it to you. But I could not keep it to myself any longer. So, you see, child, if it come to pass, what a magnificent thing it will be for us three! Of course, I should set you and Nell on your feet. Better than Teddy Smythe, eh?"

But as she soberly walked back from the Grange to which she had accompanied her sister, little Anne was not quite sure that Barbara was right.

CHAPTER X.

TRACKED.

WHILE their sky was brightening for her sisters, Nell Cleeve was groping her way through a dark valley. All her exertions to find Geoff had been fruitless, and, her little store of money gone, the unhappy girl had to seek the means of winning her own daily bread.

"If you were not too proud, there is a way," timidly said Daisy Rivers, who had grown already to love Geoff's brave, sweet sister.

"There's not much pride left in me, Daisy dear," said Nell, with a sorrowful laugh. "What is it? A situation?"

"Yes. But it is in a shop, a bookseller's, and that's not like other shops, you know. Old Mrs. Brooks, who keeps it, comes from mother's part of the country; she knew all our people. She's left a widow now, and wants somebody to look after things in the business. But—well, you'd have to go behind the counter, you see," finished Daisy, tentatively.

"I see," Nell nodded understandingly, after a silence. "I'll gladly do it, Daisy, if your mother could get me the situation."

There was no difficulty in the matter. Mrs. Brooks was more than willing to obtain an assistant so well recommended, and, in a month's time, Nell Cleeve felt as though she had been serving behind a counter all her days. There was no false pride in this girl's "nobly-plann'd" nature, and, if there had been, her feverish desire to find the lost Geoff would have swallowed it up. Day and night the one thought was present. Never a face passed her that Nell did not wistfully scan. Surely, surely she must come across Geoff one day! Daisy Rivers hopelessly shook her copper-tinted head over Nell's persistent belief in the discovery of Geoff, but never by word nor look did she betray her secret to the sister of the man she loved. Some women there are who can be thus reticent of their heart-hurts and heart-joys alike.

And in other matters, also, Daisy Rivers could keep her own counsel. Nobody but herself knew how many times John Ponsonby had called at the quiet little suburban home to gather news of Nell. He had bound over Daisy to silence, but though he little dreamed it, the girl soon penetrated his secret, and, with a sympathy born of her own sorrow, she would have given her right hand to serve the lovers. Again and again the bank-manager came to London—partly to watch over Nell, though he told himself firmly that she could never be aught to himself; and partly to continue a search for Geoff Cleeve. If he could get hold of the scamp, he

believed he might possibly unravel the mystery—if mystery there were—that encompassed the ruin of the Cleeves. Of late, irrepressible doubts had arisen in his mind. Could it be that Nell, once *his* Nell, with the sweet, earnest face and truthful eyes, was as innocent as she looked?

Yet, how could it be? No! All the Cleeves had combined to draw out the money banked for the three sisters. Still, the bank-manager clung to the hope that time would unearth Geoff's hiding-place. Lately he had observed a marked change in Daisy Rivers. She abruptly ceased all mention of Geoff's name. Some might have supposed the girl had given up hope. Not so John Ponsonby, who possessed enough acumen to know that even in such a case it is an inexpressible comfort for a woman to utter the loved name aloud; and Daisy's simple secret had, from the first, been John's quiet property. He consequently took to watching the girl's movements closely. Not in person, for Albury was a considerable distance off. But few people guess how much "shadowing" goes on in the great metropolis. John Ponsonby was by no means a poor man. He owned a modest patrimony in addition to his salary as bank-manager. It was, therefore, possible for him to spend a few sovereigns in employing a private detective, and little time elapsed before his suspicions were confirmed. Miss Rivers was known to have meetings with an individual who answered in many respects to the missing Geoff Cleeve. The next step was to trace this personage to his lair.

This was presently accomplished, and when John Ponsonby again visited London, he carried with him a certain address in an unlovely slum far east.

So this evening he was treading as lightly as he could the creaking, dirty staircase that led to his destination.

"What an evil hole!" he muttered, with a shudder at the loathsome surroundings of the miserable lodging-house to which he had been directed.

There was no answer to his repeated knockings, and John at last pushed open the door. That the room was empty, a flaring street-lamp showed.

Seating himself gingerly on the sole chair, the visitor looked round in dismay at the squalor. He was a stranger to Geoff Cleeve, but that the brother of the girls he had come to know so well should be the occupant of such a den almost frightened the fastidious man. Even in the ill-lighted darkness it was horrible; what it was in the light of day John failed to picture.

Patiently he sat on, waiting. Once, lighting a vesta, he peered round him. Yes! it *was* Geoff Cleeve's hiding-place, for on the grimy mantelshelf stood a midget photo daintily framed, the single item of refinement in the horrible den. With a muttered exclamation, John Ponsonby involuntarily seized the toy to hide it in his breast-pocket. The photograph was that of Nell, and, for the moment, his wrath boiled over at the desecration of its position. Then, recollecting it was the property of another, he, with a groan, unwillingly replaced it. It was some faint consolation to turn its face to the wall—at least he might do that, as though to spare his darling's pure, sweet eyes.

Re-seating himself to wait, John Ponsonby fell into a reverie. Over again he lived the love-dream that

had quickened life for him throughout the long summer days now past. It was in truth the "winter of his discontent." But yet he possessed those precious memories of what had been. He counted over his treasures to while away the time. There was the first meeting, his and Nell's, when he held her, unconscious from pain, in his arms. Then came the long dreamy talks that began beside the girl's sofa, and which were, by-and-by, extended to the long, happy moorland rambles round Brimsby. How well they had grown to know each other, those two! and how easily it would have come to pass that their separate life-paths should merge into one—the goal to which they were drifting! Then the other side of the picture turned up—the scattered sisters; the deserted Round House; the dreary village, once to John an Arcady; and the flying rumours telling of Barbara Cleeve's splendid prospects, for Barbara had succeeded. She had brought Sir James to her feet, and, spite of a gust of half-indignant, half-whimpering remonstrance from the old Lady Standring, the companion was shortly to become the new Lady Standring. Next arose the remembrance of Teddy Smythe's despair, too outspoken to be a lasting grief; and, overshadowing all things, the yet undiscovered mystery of the dishonoured cheque. As the pressure of retrospective thought grew stronger, John Ponsonby writhed in impotent misery. He longed to be face to face with Geoff Cleeve, to force the truth from him.

As though in prompt answer, he heard a heavy foot ascending the creaking staircase. It was Geoff at last, and John gathered himself together. Stumbling into the room, with a muttered curse over its darkness, came a shabby, shambling figure. Striking a match, Geoff lighted a candle slowly, grumbling over the process, before he became aware that he was not alone.

"Who the mischief—" he ejaculated; then, with a self-saving instinct, he turned to fly; foreseeing which, John Ponsonby had softly closed the door, and calmly leaned against it, with folded arms.

Geoff, for a moment, stood at bay, measuring, with

a scowl, the superior strength of the stranger. Then, sullenly, he retreated to the wretched, unmade bed in the corner, and John noted that he was furtively feeling for something under the mattress.

"What do you want? Who are you?" asked Geoff, huskily.

"I am John Ponsonby, the bank-manager at Albury; and my object in coming here is to know the rights of that business when you drew your sisters' money out. Of course, I've no right to force the truth out of you about that part of the affair. If you and your sisters conspired to dishonestly make away with the funds your uncle left, why——"

"Stop!" growled Geoff, hoarsely. "Don't bring the girls' names into it! They had nothing to do with it, I tell you!"

An eager light leaped into John Ponsonby's face, but he checked back the question springing from his lips. Instead, he said sternly, "You can't deceive me! It was a deliberate piece of combined duplicity on their part and yours——"

"You lie!" shouted Geoff. There was left in the shabby human wreck a spark of honour that cried out against the aspersion of his sisters. "The girls knew no more about it than you did. I'm cornered now, so I may as well tell you that I slipped in the figure '7' before Barbara's sprawling '50'; and I imitated her careless writing in setting down the sum in words which she had forgotten to do!" Geoff's voice ended shrilly.

"Then," presently said John, slowly, "you admit yourself to be a forger—a felon? I suppose you know that I've but to hold up my finger to have you arrested this moment?"

"That you never shall!" shouted Geoff; and John Ponsonby sprang forward to close with the unhappy wretch, for he had caught the gleam of something Geoff raised to his head.

There was a scuffle, a sharp ping of a bullet, and one of the two men fell to the floor.

(To be concluded.)

HAPPY CHILDREN.

"**I** KNOW now," said a lady, not long ago, "that my mother loved me tenderly; but during all my childhood I doubted if I were really dear to her. Why, I often ask myself, did she never tell me so? Why did she never caress me and assure me of her love? She thought her actions spoke loudly enough without words, and so they did; but I could not comprehend the language they spoke. I could not understand them as I can now; and how I long to hear her call me loving names and to have her clasp me in the sweet embrace of a mother's love!"

Many a little heart aches, as did this child's, for the spontaneous utterances of maternal affection. These can

make it happier than gifts of beads, or dolls, or fine clothes, or costly toys. As house plants cannot flourish without sunshine, so children cannot thrive and be happy without love.

Children who grow up in a constant atmosphere of love are rarely mischievous or vicious. The mightiest of all agencies to lead the young in paths of virtue is in the hands of parents, and to command this agency they need but give expression to the natural outflow of their hearts. Children to be happy need encouragement and praise. Let us give to our darlings the sunniest, warmest spots in the household, and we shall see them grow up in symmetry to be fair women and brave men.

A Practical Preacher.—Much has been said of the late Phillips Brooks, the great preacher, but one of the most touching incidents is that of his visit to a poor woman who was fading as an autumn leaf over the cradle of her fretful baby. The good man urged her to go into the open air. She replied that she could not leave her sickly child. He said,

"I will care for the child," and gently thrust her forth to breathe God's pure air. For two hours he tended the little one while the mother sought fresh strength for her trying home duties. We doubt not that the truly great man could preach better after that little event, and we are sure the woman could have heard better.



Under Petticoat Government.

(From the Painting by BLANFORD FLETCHER.)

MY HAPPY POSSESSIONS.

BY CHARLOTTE SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "THE MASTER'S MESSAGES," ETC.

III.—MY SPRING WORK.



PROPHET once had a strange vision of three women. He saw a great measure, the largest the Jews had, and near this measure, or vessel, a woman was seen to be sitting. Then on the measure was placed a lid of lead. Two other women, who had wings, then appeared, and they bore the measure away, the wind being in their wings, so buoying them along. The woman thus imprisoned represented sin, and the women who bore her away symbolised the world's cleansers and emancipators.

It has been sneeringly said, "It was well to represent sin as a woman." Perhaps so, but then it must be remembered that Satan is spoken of under the masculine gender, never the feminine, and the fact that the deliverers were women surely stands for much!

My neighbours and I have been very busy lately with our spring work, turning out, cleaning, and re-decorating. And God has been busy, too, cleansing with His March winds and April showers, and now He is re-clothing the world in green and decorating it with flowers. While thus busy, and watching the busy seen and unseen fingers of others, I have thought much of that old-time vision, and the words have often sung themselves over in my ears: "*Two women, and the wind was in their wings*" (Zech. v. 9).

A WOMAN'S WORK.

Said Florence Nightingale, "Keep clear of all jargon about what is man's work and what is woman's; but when you see work, go and do it." Everybody will allow that it *is* woman's work to clean. And sin is so much like dirt in its defilement, that no one will blame women for longing to be not only cleansers from material dirt, but from moral and spiritual impurity likewise.

There is *plenty of work to do*. As the spring sunshine reveals all the dark corners, so does the light of God's truth reveal the awful sin there is in the world. We have only to look into our own hearts to find it. "Sinner" is the name of every woman. Then look in our homes; how often we see things there which do not make for peace! Then take a wider view over the district in which we live, over our country, over the world! O what injustice, oppression, drunkenness, heathenism, vileness, we see! There is work enough for a million women-workers this very instant!

Our work needs *union*. There were *two* women who carried away the measure of sin seen in the vision. We need crusades of women, banded together for one common purpose.

Our work needs also to be *searched out*. Not that which is most apparent needs attacking most. A woman's symbols of office might very well be a cobweb brush, pail, and scrubber.

Men sometimes like to call us "angels," but as an American woman observed, "Angels don't get up on cold winter mornings to light fires." A French writer

lately remarked in speaking of woman, "I would not treat her as colleague, or comrade, but something of divinity." That's what we call "high-flown talk;" "divinities" and "spring cleaners" are not quite the same. If we are too low to be man's comrade, how can we be at the same time high enough to be above him?

Some practical items concerning "my spring work"—

1. *To resist the inroads of fashion.* Two great sins grow out of blind submission to fashion—extravagance and debt. Precious time also is wasted, and room given for the taunt, "dressed-up dolls."

2. *To do away with Sabbath-breaking.* We should then have no Sunday newspapers, trains, nor milkmen.

3. *To sweep impurity out of our land.* This includes impure speech. If more women were on School Boards our public schools might be free from much of the impurity that now defiles them.

4. *To speak out against all dishonesty.* We want to do away with all trade tricks, shams, underpaying, and cruelty, such as keeping girls standing all day, and immuring clerks in damp cellars.

5. *To rid ourselves of disloyalty*—to God and friends.

6. *To shut up all public-houses, and do away with grocers' licenses.*

For each of these we need a Woman's Crusade.

A WOMAN'S POWER.

"*For they had wings.*" Have we the necessary powers for this work? Of course we have—God-given powers. Just examine them. We are *quick-sighted*. There is a lady astronomer in Paris making a map of the heavens. We almost at once see what there is to do.

Tact.—And we also quickly see how it should be done. A waggon, whose wheels had got frozen into the ice, was being extricated by some men with axe and hammer, when suddenly the woman of the house appeared with a pailful of hot water and poured it on the spokes. The wheels were quickly loosened, and the men did not forget to praise her.

Ready speech.—Even our worst enemies own we have two weapons, *tact* and *tongue*.

Perseverance.—"A community of women, established purposely to educate women," said George Butler, "was unknown till the days of Angela da Brescia in 1537." And when Françoise de Saintange undertook to found a school in Dijon, she was hooted in the street, and her father called in four doctors to see if educating women was not the work of the devil. She began her work alone and unaided in a garret. Twelve years afterwards, she was carried in triumph through the streets. Her work lived and grew because of her indomitable spirit. It was said at Waterloo, "The Guards die, but never give up." We think the same may often be said of women workers. Wesley said, "Give me a hundred men knowing nothing but Christ, and I'll soon turn the world upside down." If there were in every district fifty women determined on ridding our land of its sins, a new age would soon dawn on the world.

A WOMAN'S HELPER.

"*The wind was in their wings.*" This is just an illustration of "Strength for tired workers." "The wind

bloweth where it listeth; so is everyone that is born of the Spirit." The new birth has a secret power. Years ago when men were building a house for God, a strange workman passed in and out amongst them. One evening a great beam was hoisted up and found to be a foot short. The workmen went to their homes, wondering what they should do. In the morning, lo, the beam was in its place! That is an old parable of a truth ever new. To those who serve God, He is ever near to help—help marvellously.

A man once went to a doctor for some medicine for his wife, saying that in the morning, after she had lit the fire, got breakfast ready, milked the cows, set things to rights in the house, dairy, and fowl-place, she was "sort of done up." I thought, No wonder; she needed a little rest and a little help. And that is why so many women perish. But there are some who are a marvel to their friends, they do and bear so much. Their secret is this—the Lord helps them. Our Helper is not seen, but sure. The wind is never seen, but no one doubts its existence; the March dust did not, nor the sailor, as the gale bore his vessel on. Our Helper is ever ready! As the sun lifts up the spring flowers, and gives them form and beauty, so worketh our Helper, for He is a Sun. As the dew nourisheth the plants in the dark hours, and decks them with a thousand gems in the dawning light, so doth our Helper work, for He is as the dew.

I recall many testimonies to His wonderful help. "If it had not been for the Lord's help," said a Bedfordshire woman to me, who for years had struggled on with a drunken husband, "I should have given up utterly; but oh, I cannot tell you what He has been to

me!" My heart and myriad others re-echo her words.

And there is this beautiful thing about our Helper: He is willing to help us in all our work, and all our work can be divine, just because He shares it. We have some friends who are perfectly willing to help us, but we receive them in the drawing-room, after seeing we are quite tidy in our own person. We should never dream of asking them into the kitchen to wash up the tea-things; they would be as out of place as a man in a bonnet-shop. But I know of no place where our great Helper will not come. I have been in many curious places of work—seen girls using the irons in laundries, kneading bread in bakeries, packing fish and mending nets by sea-shore, setting type, working machines, toiling at pit-mouths—but in no case was the work such as our Helper would not assist in. Is not the memory of that lighted fire and prepared meal by the Sea of Galilee ever an inspiration?

Sometimes we feel our friends powerless to help. One sad woman said to me lately, "You can sympathise with me, but you cannot help me." We could never use those words to our Helper.

With this mighty help, using it fully, we shall be able to say at the end of life, when there shall be no more earthly spring-times for us, "I have *finished* the work." With the aid of many and many a crusade of women, working for the deliverance of our land from its sin, the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, and His purity like morning light encircle it. And when the great Leader cries, "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the victory," oh, what a blessed, blessed strain of "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" we spring-time women workers will raise!

"THE COMING MAN."

A PAIR of very chubby legs,
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little, busy hands—
So sticky, small, and brown;
Those hands, whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Concealed within their grasp?
Though now 'tis but a sugar-stick
In sturdy hold they clasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain,
That has not learnt to plan!
Whate'er the future hold in store,
God bless "the coming man"!

The Happy Wife.—"For a good, every-day household angel," exclaims an enthusiastic husband, "give me the woman who laughs! Her cakes may not be always just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread, and forget to replace the missing buttons; but for solid comfort all day and every day she is a very paragon. Home is not a battlefield, nor life one long, unending row. The art of always seeing the bright side, or if the matter has no bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty—one of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with the sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of good-humour if we only try."

Flowers for Invalids.—When choosing flowers to give to an invalid, select those that have a very delicate perfume, and that are as suggestive of life and health as possible. White flowers, although most beautiful, lend neither colour nor brightness to the sick-room, and to a mind weakened by sickness are apt to be suggestive of death; but those of a bright crimson or a deep yellow will almost always please and gratify the convalescent. When obtaining the flowers, try to secure long-stemmed ones; they can be arranged so much more prettily than those that are cut with short stems. Of course, the bowls and glasses used for displaying your blooms should be such as will not mar their beauty.

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MOTHERS OF OTHER LANDS.

III.—THE MOTHERS OF CHINA AND JAPAN.

BY B. McCALL-BARBOUR, AUTHOR OF "A FAMOUS MOTHER'S HYMN," ETC.



Japanese Mother and Children.

IN many respects China may be called the contrary land. There are so many customs and ceremonies in it which are not only grotesque but, according to universal opinion, absurd and nonsensical.

In nothing is this contrariness more evident than in the ideas of the Chinese people regarding their children, and especially their girls.

When a girl is born into a Chinese home there is sadness instead of joy, and sympathy is extended instead of congratulations. This is accounted for by the prevailing opinion that girls are of no use. "Only a girl" is a most expressive phrase in the Chinese language, denoting an object of unworthiness and sometimes contempt. Indeed, the girls in a Chinese family

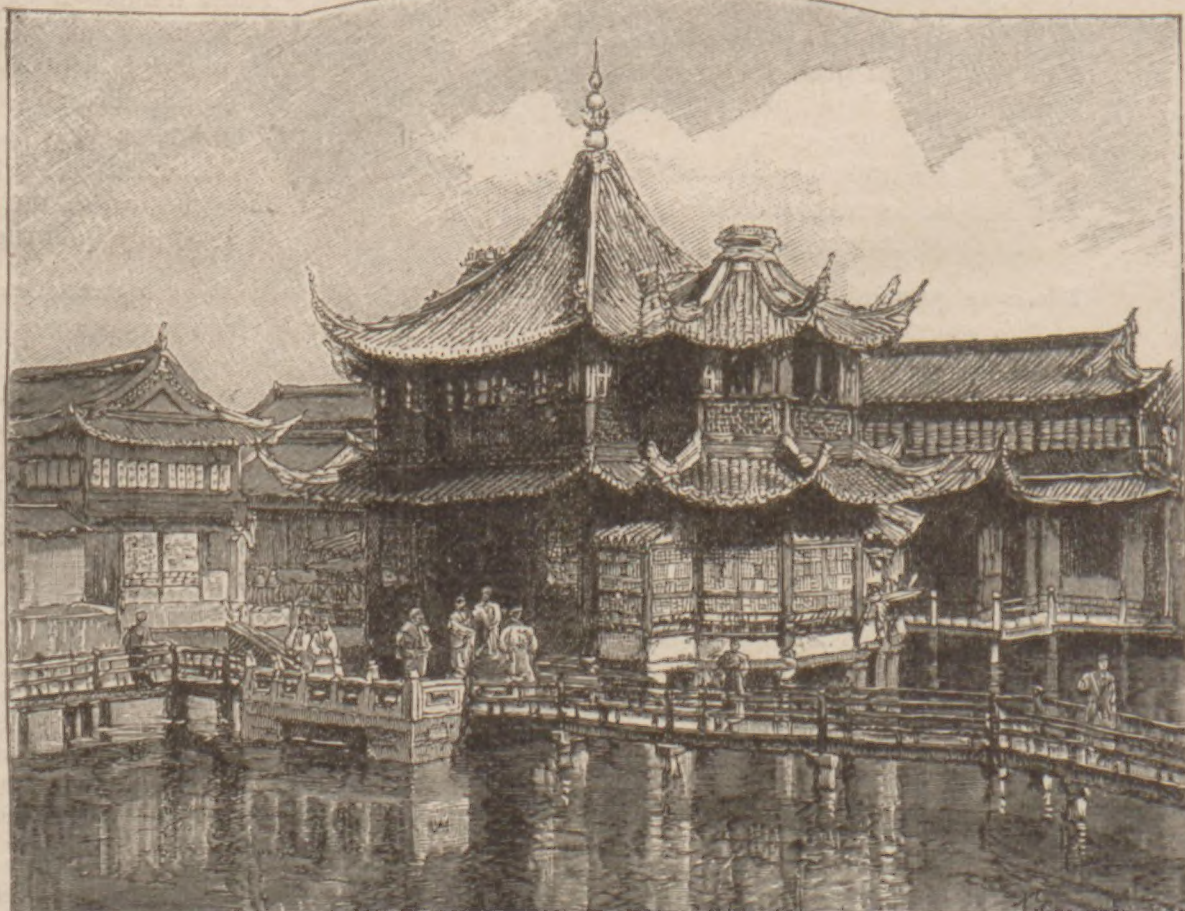
are so little recognised that they are not even named, but are distinguished by their numbers. This peculiarity of the Chinese regarding their female children not unfrequently leads to a desire to kill them, so as to get rid of an evident objection from their midst. One reason for all this inhuman treatment of their girl children is, as a Chinaman once put it, "When they are young they are only an expense, and when they grow up and might be of use, they marry and leave their parents." But a deeper reason is found in the custom of ancestral worship. A son may become the head of a family and his children in time pay homage to the departed spirit of their grandfather, whose happiness will be augmented according to the number of his faithful posterity; but a daughter can render no such service.

The neglect of the female children of China places them on a low standing, as compared with the males; consequently, even when they become mothers, they do not receive that share of reverence and respect which is their due.

The mothers of China are like the mothers of most other lands in respect of having the cradle and the lullaby for their offspring. To all appearance the general Chinese cradle is very much like that of our own land, only the material of which it is made is usually bamboo.

There is a peculiar custom prevalent amongst Chinese mothers, performed in connection with their children whilst they are still in infancy. The mother ties around the wrists of her little ones a red cord, with the deluded idea that this will make them docile and obedient. Another custom is to tie a silken cord around the neck of the baby. To this cord are fastened a lot of little charms, which are supposed to possess the peculiar property of warding off evil and preserving the baby from harm.

When a Chinese baby is a month old, a long series of ceremonies is gone through in honour of the event. One of the most important of these is the shaving of the head, which is supposed to protect it from evil spirits. The naming of the baby is the next ceremony of importance; and, unlike our mothers, who select the sweetest and prettiest names they can find, the Chinese mother makes it her object to choose the ugliest and most revolting. The reason for all this is to suit her deluded idea that the uglier the baby's name is, the less likely is he to be tortured by the evil spirits. It is more common than otherwise to find in China the children bearing such uncomely names as "Dirt," "Stupid," "Flea," and "Scamp." This name given to the child at birth is supplemented by another when he



A Chinese Tea-House.



Chinese Mother and Child.

goes to school, which is given to him by his school-master; and later on in life, when he marries, it is the usual custom to adopt a third name. These customs are carried out chiefly in connection with the boys of the family. Girls "counting for nothing," they are not considered worthy of such attentions.

With such erroneous ideas regarding children of the female sex, it is but natural that the Chinese mother should desire all her children to be males. There is a strong superstition prevalent which is supposed to enable her to find out of what sex her offspring will be. To her own age she adds the number of the month, the day, and the hour on which she was born. When the total is found, the Goddess of Children is consulted. Out of a series of thirty-six pictures of her assistants, that one which corresponds to the number of the total is selected, and whatever the child in the arms of that particular one is, that is supposed to be the sex of the as yet unborn infant.

Some strange hallucinations also exist in the minds of the Chinese mothers regarding the cries of their children. If the little one cries long, he is destined to live long; on the other hand, if the cry be short and intermittent, or of a deep tone, he is expected to die early. Long clothes are supposed to be a protection against the evil spirits, and if a youngster's first garments are made from the clothes of an old man of seventy or eighty years of age the babe is sure to have a long, prosperous life.

When a Chinese baby is one year old a great gathering of friends and relations is convened for the purpose of feasting and mirth. The mother places her baby boy on a table, upon which are scattered the various emblems of all the trades and professions, from the mandarin's necklace to the tea leaves of the planter. The lookers-on watch with intense excitement to see which of these articles the little one will first lay hold of; for this is the deciding point of the trade or profession which he is afterwards destined to follow.

There is a practice amongst the mothers of China which seems to have a very decided effect upon the features of the race. The Chinese mother, instead of carrying her baby in her arms, deposits it in a pannier, which is slung on her back. In keeping with the contrariness of the race, the face of the little one is always turned inward and laid flat against the parent's back. It is in this way that the flat appearance of the general features, and of the nose in particular, of the Chinese is accounted for.

When we turn to the mothers of the sister country of Japan, we find they take the greatest possible interest in their children; and their care and affection for them beget in the little ones a return of love and respect.

In contrast to the Chinese mother, the Japs carry their little ones swung in front of them, or perched upon their arms, as is shown in our illustration.

The Japanese mother is scrupulously careful regarding the cleanliness and general health of her offspring, and in matters of dress, too, she is at all times most exacting. There is an evident delight taken in the combinations of colours and materials with which the peculiar costumes are made up.

Generally speaking, the women of Japan have a much higher standing in



Japs at Home.

the social scale than those of China. They are more the friends, companions, and helpmeets of man, and not so much his slaves.

If an English mother were to take a peep into a Japanese kitchen where the housewife performs her duties of cooking, she would find cause for much wonder as well as amusement. Instead of the huge grate, with its oven and boiler, so common in our own country, there would be seen two tiny earthen erections like flower-pots. These are the ovens upon which the Japanese housewife cooks with perfect ease her omelettes, soups, and puddings. Around her hangs no such display of culinary utensils as are found in our dwellings. Her stock usually consists of a gridiron, a frying-pan, and a few clay bowls. The husband is generally as proficient in cookery as the wife, so that it is seldom there is any lack in the culinary art at home.

Although the Japs, looked at in a general sense, are a light-hearted people, they nevertheless have an abundance of religious ceremonies which they rigorously observe. They are intensely fervent in their devotion to the prevailing creeds of Buddhism and Shintoism, the forms and doctrines of which are most reverently instilled into the Japanese children at an early age by their mothers.

In Japan, as in China, however, the bondage of superstition and idolatry prevails. Consequent upon this, women are very far from occupying their rightful position. But the glorious Gospel of the Christ is gradually gaining way; and already there are some signs that the day is not far distant when its freedom and light shall break the spell of superstition, and set the women of China and Japan in their true position as daughters, wives, and mothers.

IS INTEMPERANCE AMONG WOMEN INCREASING?

BY ANNE W. RICHARDSON, B.A.



I WAS in Holland lately, and was deeply interested in the inaugural speech of a young Utrecht professor, who is making a wide scientific reputation. He said that whereas up to this time women had been the repairing element in races that must otherwise have become extinct, now that women were beginning to use alcohol and tobacco, these races must in future be deprived of their soundest helper. Now, if this is true of Europe generally in regard to alcohol, it is far more true of Britain. America, Norway, and Holland are homes of intemperance, but not one of them can be compared with Britain in its number of drunken women.

I have tried to form some general conclusions from a careful survey of the police returns for the last twenty years, kindly furnished to me by the chief constables of many of our large towns. At first sight we get from several a cheering impression of either a slight *absolute* decrease of convictions or a decrease relatively to the population; though I am sorry to say that Welsh and Scotch cities seem badly off in this respect. In Sheffield, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Cardiff we find a very decided increase, and at the latter place the convictions of women in 1893 actually outnumbered those of men. And before we take any comfort from the more favourable figures we must remember the really awful and rapid increase reported during the twenty years previously; the fact that only fifteen years ago one of our most careful medical statisticians could say, "Female intemperance has been increasing enormously of late years;" and that not ten years ago the well-known chaplain of Clerkenwell prison testified that "Prison experience clearly affirms the great increase of late years of female intemperance."

Moreover, I am struck with the confirmation given to these words by the experienced workers I have consulted, who point out the various reasons why police statistics by themselves give far too favourable a view of the case. To give the chief first, *mere drunkenness* is

never recorded; only those women "drunk and disorderly" or "drunk and incapable" can be apprehended. Then criminals who are often, indeed usually, the worse for drink when apprehended, are recorded under the head of their crime, with no mention of their drunkenness; whilst it is well known that policemen have a great objection to being active agents in a scene than which there is no sadder or more degraded in the horrible haunts of our great cities.

Remarkable evidence of these facts was furnished to me the other day. Knowing that one of my brothers-in-law was to meet a private committee of picked London police, I asked him to get their opinion on these subjects. His letter runs: "Some said not *one-third*, others said not *one-fourth* of the cases" (of obvious drunkenness in our streets) "appeared in the police courts." When it was pointed out that the question was as to women's drinking, they at once said that the proportion of cases taken up was even very much less. One man, twenty-five years a policeman, said he would rather take ten drunken men to the station than one woman. Another remarked that he thought the usual plan was for the policeman to try his best to slip round the next corner and so not to see a drunken woman. As to the question whether drunkenness among women was increasing, their answer was, "*Certainly, yes.*"

When we hear testimony like this, and find that nevertheless at one London police court last year over 6,000 women were committed for drunkenness, we get some idea of the fearful prevalence of this evil, and of what it must mean to us as a people.

Then I would refer to another alarming fact, the existence of which even statistics most surely prove. This is the terrible and squalid army of women *habituals* or *repeaters*. In 1878 the women convicted more than ten times numbered over 5,000, next year the same, in 1880 over 6,000, in 1881 over 7,000, in 1882 over 8,000, and now in the last return (for 1892) they have reached their highest at 9,408!

But I must pass on to facts regarding the middle and upper classes. Is intemperance increasing here? The

thoughtful and outspoken papers read by the Duchess of Bedford and Lady Frederick Cavendish at the Church Congress three years ago, did something to awaken the attention of "society" to this subject. And it is time that attention should be aroused to it. For, on the one hand, I believe there is no subject on which greater ignorance exists among intelligent people; and on the other, it is my assured conviction, founded not only on my own experience, but on the testimony of private witnesses and professional experts, that here, if anywhere, alcoholism is a *growing* "reproach and danger."

It is true that the evil is not so obvious; it has passed beneath the surface, from vulgar drunkenness into the "disease of alcoholism," which was never more widespread than it is to-day. We need to look deeper now, remembering that though the poor have few disguises, the more wealthy and respectable we are, the more power we have to keep our secrets from the world in general—aye, and from the world of our acquaintance too. "The extent," said Sir Andrew Clark, in 1893, "to which the abuse of alcoholic drinks exists in private families is *very great*, and the consequences are fearful. When the vice has become a habit it is difficult of cure in men; it is all but impossible in women."

Now a word or two on the *causes* of this lamentable increase of intemperance. I must apologise for giving as the first cause the *ignorance*, and if I may say it, the *prejudice* which have together produced so much apathy on this

subject among intelligent women. Next I must mention the conditions of our present life—the tenseness, the rush, the hurry, the excitement. This "rush" of life, pressing on the over-worked, leads to reaction and depression. Then comes the recourse to so-called "stimulants," producing, after the first false fillip, a greater reaction than before. Later follows the need of more stimulant, and so on in vicious circles, slowly it may be at first, but faster and faster as time goes on, till "alcoholism" is an established fact.

Added to these things is the powerful cause of *inherited tendency* towards intemperance, and more powerful still is *social custom*. Then we must attribute much to medical use, or as it is often called, "*doctor's orders*;" whilst grocers' licenses have done tremendous mischief.

But my allotted space is filled and I must close.

Is there any remedy for this fearful evil?

I answer, yes. In the practical principles of the religion of Christ and in the total abstinence pledge we have a complete remedy. Let us see that we at once avail ourselves of it, not only for our own safety, but for that of our weaker sisters.

* * Readers wishing for further information on this most important question should see a little book by Miss Richardson, entitled "The Cause of Intemperance among Women," from which the above facts are taken. It is published by the Women's Total Abstinence Union.

THE NATURAL DIET FOR CHILDREN.

THE food which is most enjoyed is the food we call bread and fruit. In all my long medical career, extending over forty years, I have rarely known an instance in which a child has not preferred fruit to animal food. I have many times been called upon to treat children for stomachic disorders induced by pressing upon them animal to the exclusion of fruit diet, and have seen the best results occur from the practice of reverting to the use of fruit in the dietary.

I say it without the least prejudice, as a lesson learned from simple experience, that the most natural diet for the young, after the natural milk diet, is fruit and whole-meal bread, with milk and water for drink. The desire

for this same mode of sustenance is often continued into after years, as if the resort to flesh were a forced and artificial feeding, which required long and persistent habit to establish its permanency as a part of the system of everyday life.

How strongly this preference taste for fruit over animal food prevails is shown by the simple fact of the retention of these foods in the mouth. Fruit is retained to be tasted and relished. Animal food, to use a common phrase, is "bolted." There is a natural desire to retain the delicious fruit for full mastication; there is no such desire, except in the trained gourmand, for the retention of animal substance.—*Sir B. W. Richardson.*

Helps for Busy Housewives.

THE SPARE ROOM should be sunned and aired often. If the weather is cold, and you expect a guest, warm the bed thoroughly an hour before bedtime. Take the bed-clothes and hang them near the fire, turning them round frequently, which will soon take off the coldness. Never send a guest to a damp, cold spare bed.

Feather Beds.—In changing feathers, always put them into new ticks, as the feathers are apt to prick through washed ticks. Some persons rub the inside of the tick with hard soap to prevent this, but it is preferable to get new material. Old ticking can always be put to good use.

Orange Shortcake.—Two cups of sugar; the yolks of five eggs and the whites of four; half a cup of water; two cups of flour; one tablespoonful of baking-powder, and the juice and grated rind of one orange. Spread and bake on tin pie-plates. This quantity should cover six plates. Make a

jelly by beating the white of one egg to a froth, and adding to it three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar, and the grated rind and juice of another orange. Spread the jelly on the cakes, and lay one above another in three tiers.

Roasting.—It is a mistake to put salt on meat while it is cooking. Not only is the steak or joint toughened, but the juice is absorbed. In roasting, put enough soup stock or hot water in the dish to keep it from scorching, and season the liquid to taste. Broiled steaks, chops, poultry, and stews of all kinds should be salted just before serving.

Hair-Brushes are best cleaned by dipping the bristles in warm water to which ammonia has been added in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a quart of water. Then rinse in clear, cold water, shake well, and dry in the air, but not in the sun. Soap, soda, or borax softens the bristles and turns the ivory backs of hair-brushes yellow.

OUR BABY'S NAME.

BY ISABEL MAUD PETTIE.



“WHAT'S in a name?” asks the poet. Why, a great deal. Are not names somehow very suggestive of things themselves? As “Fine feathers make fine birds,” so folks far too readily assume that ugly names must denote disagreeable persons.

“Your Name?” This being so, I think it will not be amiss to give a few hints on that most interesting subject to all mothers—Naming the Baby. And what a weighty matter it is, too! I have known a newly-married pair spend sleepless nights and harassed days in unravelling the Name problem. Every member of the family has been consulted, every friend and even neighbour pleaded with; but alas! not a suggestion could possibly be adopted. And there has been the little cherub patiently waiting for a title, and having to be content with an indefinite “Oh, you precious!” or “Did 'em, my little sweet!”

Well, here is *our* baby—what shall its name be? Are there any means of ensuring a “nice”—a beautiful name for it? Yes, certainly. Just a little thought on the part of parents, and there need be none of those discordant appellations which one so often meets with.

First, then, do avoid eccentricity. This will spoil any sensible selection. To sit down and try by keen ingenuity how you can produce a name which will startle the world is inane. What advantage to the bearer, forsooth! is such a combination as U. B. Quicke, or C. A. Blackman, or Timothy Tipple? These are only one degree better than a class of so-called Christian names adopted by some who should have more taste—Tosh Price, and Thug Wilkins, and Codgie Codling—as repellent as they are vulgar-sounding. Such a choice is not much better than the names mentioned in our article on the mothers of China; and those women at least have the excuse of a conscientious motive, which English mothers cannot plead.

Then, don't strive after effect. If your surname happens to be a classic one, such as Milton, do not let your boy be *John* Milton—just in case there may not be an atom of poetry in his composition.

Again, be moderate. Is it wise to overburden a little one-syllabled surname with three or four very long Christian names? No one will think your child is royally connected because its cognomen is Alexandra Mariana Wilhelmina Smith, or a great literary man because William Makepeace Thackeray Robinson gleams over his shop-front by-and-by, or a national hero because Wellington Nelson Marlborough Black is worked in the corner of his pocket-handkerchief.

Further, avoid names too common. Surely there are already too many *John* Smiths, for instance; yet parents still multiply these confusing repetitions.

Furthermore, never choose ugly, peculiar names, vulgar nicknames, or silly diminutives.

But enough of what one should *not* do. What you,

loving mothers, want are a few positive hints to guide in choosing. Of course, you seek for your tiny darlings beautiful, appropriate names. There is a music in sweet-sounding words very pleasing, not only to parent, but to stranger. By all means choose such.

Apropos of this, though, I must confess to a partiality for the feeling which many have of retaining family names—that is, using them as Christian names. It is more than a pretty idea, but unfortunately it is often carried too far. Let the mother preserve her maiden name by bestowing it on her offspring, decidedly; though I think it should generally be preceded by a true Christian name, especially if the two surnames coming together are difficult to pronounce. In such a case the combination is better avoided.

Then it is well for Christian and surname to agreeably contrast. The sound of many beautiful Christian names is quite spoilt by being placed beside a similar surname. For instance, Barbara Barton is very different from Barbara Mostyn. As a rule, alliteration is not pleasing here.

If the surname has only one syllable, the first Christian name should be of one syllable, and the second of two syllables. On the other hand, if the surname is long, let the Christian names be short.

Again, where the surname is common, let the Christian names be uncommon. The advantage is apparent. S. Barrington Jones is always more distinguishable than plain John Jones, and Morton H. Brown than Henry Brown.

But I must not omit a word or two on Christian names proper. Of course, there are ugly ones as well as beautiful. Undoubtedly many names by constant repetition, and perhaps from association, sound disagreeable. Even Bible names, which are very frequently beautiful, have become hackneyed and lost their original sweetness. Ananias, Ichabod, Rahab could not possibly be chosen; whilst Jonah, Lazarus, Ira, Ishmael, though sometimes seen, I cannot think are to be commended.

Of late there has been less resort to Biblical names, no doubt for the reason that they are so common; and in consequence, a large number of Latin and Greek Christian names have been revived and come into use. Most of them have a fine musical sound, and among them will be found quite a number which form pleasing combinations with our somewhat uncouth English surnames. Such are Claude, Maurice, Lucius; Lillian, Olivia, Angelica, and others too numerous to repeat.

After all, perhaps, what the mother needs most is just *a little taste in selecting*, and *the exercise of the ear* as to the sound of her little one's full name when pronounced. With these two hints judiciously used, a delightful combination should result.

Yet, as a final word on this interesting topic, let us not forget that, however faultless the names we give our dear ones, all will be of little worth if we fail to train them rightly. Our children should be good and true and beautiful, not only in name, but in nature.



HOW MUTES ARE TAUGHT TO SPEAK.

BY MRS. CHARLES GARNETT.



A Lip Study.

a teacher of the oral system for the instruction of their daughter—an experiment followed by such good results, that they determined to found "The Society for Training Teachers of the Deaf, and for the Diffusion of the 'German' System in the United Kingdom." A house was taken at Castle Bar Hill, Ealing, and fitted for its new purpose as a Training College and Boarding School for the Deaf.

The objects of all the instruction given here are, so far as possible, to restore to the pupils the lost sense of speech, and to break down the barrier which separates them from their fellow-men. No signs of any kind are permitted at the Training College. The children are first taught to use their voices and to speak, and next to understand the replies addressed to them, by "lip reading." Thus, after a time, a mute can not only ask any question and understand the spoken answer, but can carry on a conversation with a hearing friend, always, of course, provided there is sufficient light to see his companion's lips.



The Aspirate.

It is an immense pleasure to deaf children to learn to speak; it makes them feel they have a new power, and in the joy of exercising it they run about saying the few words they have learnt to everybody they meet. They think, too, in words, as is shown by their talking in their sleep.

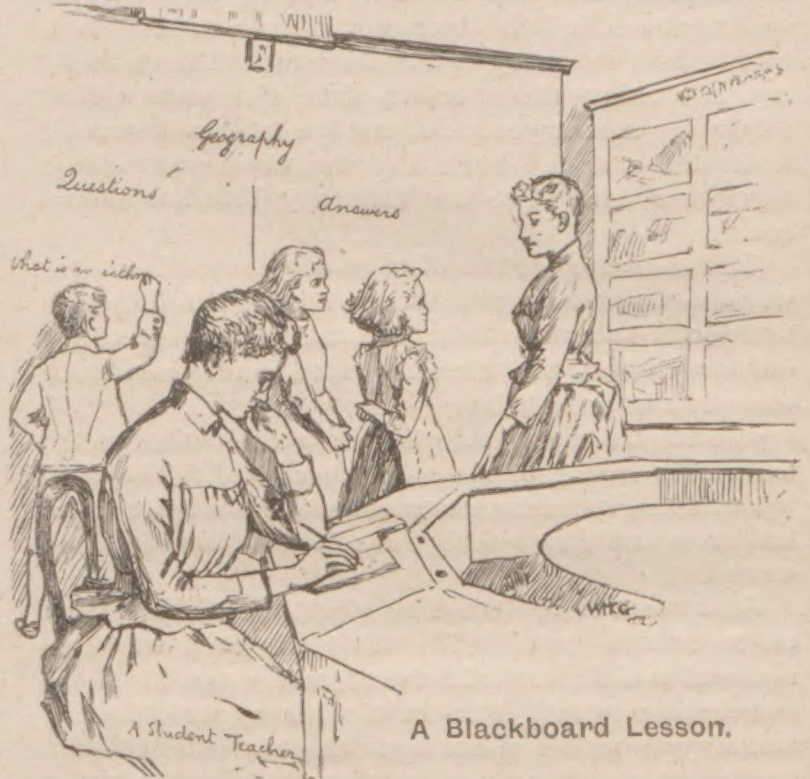
The Training College at Castle Bar Hill is also a boarding-school for boys and girls. The principal is Mrs. Kinsey, whose late husband had been the head of the institution since its

NOT many years ago Mr. B. St. John Ackers, feeling dissatisfied that his only child, a mute, should have no better education than that afforded by the imperfect sign system, visited the Continent to investigate, with Mrs. Ackers, the German or "pure oral" system. What they saw induced them to

bring to England

commencement, and a thorough master of the system, as well as an excellent instructor.

On Tuesdays, from ten to half-past three, the school may be visited without an appointment, and visitors can judge of the oral system for themselves. The Training College is a roomy house, standing on rising ground in a



A Blackboard Lesson.

large garden. We found there was no playground, which seems hardly made up for by the free use of the grounds, on one side of which the boys play, away from the girls. This is a mixed school, and the ages of the pupils vary from six to seventeen.

Mrs. Kinsey introduced us to the head-teacher, who kindly took us to the schoolroom. Here we found seated at little desks, placed in a circle and round a table, two classes, consisting of twelve boys and seven girls; while across one side of the room, at another table, sat five young lady students, correcting the children's exercises and watching the pupils being taught.

"What is the best age for a child to come here?" we inquire.

"From five to eight. Little can be done in a school before five. We want the child to understand that it must second our efforts and be willing to be educated. When they first come, they have to learn obedience. You see, the mutes' only way of understanding anything about them is to watch every movement. So they are inattentive, their eyes



roving everywhere. We have to teach them to watch with a purpose—to observe.”

“Of course, this is very tedious?”

“Well, it requires patience; but think how often you have to repeat, even to a *hearing* child, anything which you attempt to teach it. When boys or girls have attained full speech and language, if necessary they can be taught by any slow-speaking, *distinct* teacher. Come here,” said the teacher, making no sign, but looking at a little lad, who rose and came to the blackboard which was hung against the wall. Then a bright boy in a sailor dress and a little girl were called. “This boy is nine years old, and has been nine months under the system. Little Dorothy, two terms; she is eight years old. The last little boy, Fitz, has ‘vowel hearing.’”

This is always spoken of to us as a great advantage; we soon understand why, for the sounds this little man made were natural and clear in tone, while those of the others were not, and there appeared in this case to be less effort in articulating.

The teacher took Stanley's hand and breathed on the back of it, saying at the same time “H.” The child imitated her, breathing and pronouncing the letter as she had done, and then quickly turned to the blackboard and wrote it.

After some single letters so given, the children went on to sounds, “wh,” “f,” “th.” As each was pronounced, a child stepped forward and wrote it. Each sound was repeated after the teacher by watching and imitating the motion of her lips. Sometimes the children caught the sounds at once, at others they had to repeat them, but seldom more than twice. The letters were all written well—indeed, this was the case with every pupil.

“S,” said the teacher. Fitz repeated it as blurred “St,” and had to be corrected; but vowel sounds, i, o, etc., he caught easily.

Little Dorothy was fairly at fault once, and her teacher then drew her gently forward and placed the child's little fingers on her own throat as she repeated the letters. Then the child withdrew her hand, and placing it in the same way on her own throat, tried again, and after two more attempts gave the sound perfectly.

The bright eyes of the little pupils eagerly followed every movement of their instructress's lips, and as they repeated the sounds they stepped forward and wrote them down. This was not always easy, as sometimes the sounds only differed in *shades*.

The learning of sounds being gained, the next step taken is that of acquiring words. This is done by asking questions, always repeated and answered by the pupil, and then written on the blackboard. The spelling was always correct, we noticed; but each child spoke with pauses between the words, giving one the impression he was *making* them, as indeed was the case.

Our last pause, before leaving, was at the table where the oldest pupils were seated. They were three youths of the ages of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen. They were writing letters home, in which they were detailing the news of the week's doings. The mistakes were very slight, and few in number, as, for instance, in one case “has” for “had.”

No one can visit the Training College without feeling that though the movement is as yet young, it has done a great amount of good already. Evidently this German oral system opens life in its fullest sense to mutes, bringing happiness to their friends, and also giving, we believe, glory to God.

A MOTHER'S CARE.

† DO not think that I could bear
† My daily weight of woman's care,
† If it were not for this:

That Jesus seemeth always near,
Unseen, but whispering in my ear
Some tender word of love or cheer,
To fill my soul with bliss.

There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows, and no one shares,
Too small for me to tell;
Things e'en my husband cannot see,
Nor his dear love uplift from me—
Each hour's unnamed perplexity
That mothers know so well,—

The failure of some household scheme,
The ending of some pleasant dream,
Deep hidden in my breast;
The weariness of children's noise,

The yearning for that subtle poise
That turneth duties into joys,
And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small,
Are known to Jesus, each and all,
And this thought brings me peace.
I do not need to say one word,—
He knows what thought my heart hath stirr'd,
And by Divine caress my Lord
Makes all my throbbing cease;

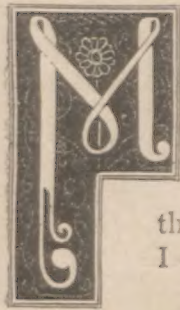
And then, upon His loving breast,
My weary head is laid at rest
In speechless ecstasy!
Until it seemeth all in vain
That care, fatigue, or mortal pain
Should hope to drive me forth again
From such felicity.

CONSTANCE GIBSON.

A Good Book on the kitchen shelf is as much in place there as anywhere, and the housewife can do nothing better than look into it once in a while. While the hands are busy in the routine of daily toil the mind runs on rapidly, and often fretfully. Feed it with the good thoughts of others and it will not wear so hard on the soul.

A Great Work.—If we call him great who planned the Cathedral of St. Peter, with all its massiveness and beauty; if we call the old masters great whose paintings hang on monastery and chapel walls, is not the mother great who is building up characters for the service of God, who is painting on the soul-canvas the beauty and strength of Jesus Christ?

May 1st, 1895.



Y DEAR FRIENDS,—Of course, "A BOTHERED MOTHER" knew what she was about when she sent her question to me. I have a whole handful of stones to sling at the particular people she mentions, but as I cannot throw more than one, I must just pick out the sharpest I can find.

The fond parent who thinks that all her geese are swans, and brings them out for the edification (?) of her visitors on all occasions, making Johnny recite Shakespeare and Mary play the violin till every one wishes that Shakespeare had never lived, and fiddles had never been invented, is a nuisance to herself, and a trial to other people. Let the little ones by all means have opportunities to cultivate the special gifts which God has given them; but do not make them priggish and conceited, imagining that all other children are duffers, because they cannot do just as they do; or that the hub of the universe runs through their particular town because they live there.

Mind, I am not finding fault with the present generation of boys and girls, who would be as sweet as any of the bairns of bygone-days, if they were not sometimes turned into little horrors by the parents who have charge of them. A child is like a block of marble put into the sculptor's hands. With him, under God, rests the responsibility as to whether the result is a fiend or an angel. Let us all remember this.

* * * *

To my friend who writes to me about money matters in Australia, I wish I had nothing further to say than I have said already. Some women have a way of beguiling simpletons, whether widowers or bachelors, into matrimony for very unworthy reasons—more shame for them. The very fact of this woman having married your uncle when he was old and childish is a proof to my mind that she knew he had money, as also is the fact that the lawyer sent your mother some. On the other hand, you must not be too easily led away by what people say. I have known folks look forward to the death of a relative "because he had a tidy bit," and when he passed away, fifteen pounds was found in a bank book! But I have also heard a gay young bachelor say, "I am over head and ears in debt, and there is not a relation belonging to me who is not even worse off;" and yet he came into forty thousand pounds on the death of his uncle!

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My poor friend at Londonderry—you know already how I feel for you. But yours is not the only case. Many husbands are unsatisfactory, and will continue to be so until it is possible for "those about to marry" to live in the same house for at least a month before they start on the journey which only death can stop. My advice to you was of too private a nature to put in this monthly letter, but it gives me an opportunity of saying a word to those girls who look forward so eagerly to the wedding-ring, which is too often lined with thorns. Courtship, like jam, is pleasant, but the powder, in the

form of matrimony, often lurks at the bottom. Early marriage is daily becoming more common. Young men and young women imagine the delights of their own little homes as surpassing anything they can enjoy under the constraint of the parental roof. What is the result? Babies arrive; the once pretty girl becomes slovenly and down at heel, and not to say snappish; the husband is impatient and cross, and is for ever wondering why his fair Eliza cannot be as winsome and as cheerful as when he first kept company with her. He forgets the two tiny cots upstairs, and sometimes she almost wishes she could, too.

No amount of talking will make homes happy unless people will learn to wait for matrimony till they can afford it. Better far work for a master or mistress, earn your money and be able to spend it as you wish, than be "free" and yet be obliged to work just as hard, have no "evenings out," and be constantly worrying as to how you will get next Sunday's dinner.

No woman knows what married life really is until she has tried it. A man who deals you a blow which gains for you plenty of sympathy from your friends is a polished gentleman when put side by side with the man who lines your wedding-ring with thorns, which dig deep into the flesh. It is a relief in either case to call out; and my poor friend at Londonderry has, I hope, gained a gleam of comfort from my letter to her.

* * * *

Now as to that wretched little creature the moth. "W." is quite right in speaking of it as "a domestic difficulty." As I believe that in all things, to *prevent* is better than to *cure*, I will first tell you how to prevent getting things moth-eaten. (By-the-by, the moth does not eat, though she gets all the blame. She simply lays her eggs, and the grubs do the mischief.) At the beginning of the spring, sprinkle all your furs and woollen clothes with "powdered" bitter apple. You must say what you want it for at the chemist's, or you will not be able to get it. Roll your furs carefully in old sheets, and you need not give them another thought till you have to shake them in the garden in the Autumn. But poor "W." has got beyond prevention stage and wants a cure. She must wash the infected parts of the furs well with a solution of corrosive sublimate—twelve grains in one pint of warm water. Care should be taken to label the liquid "Poison."

* * * *

And now as to our motto. My heart is aching for my friend at Londonderry, but loss of money and moth-eaten garments, together with other matters which I have not thought fit to mention in this letter, are all crosses of different shapes and sizes. You have yours and I have mine; and I can think of no fitter motto for this month than this:—

"I do not ask my cross to understand,
I do not ask my way to see,
Only, my Master, let me feel Thy hand
And follow Thee."

SPRING goods have been kept back somewhat this season, but at last we see the daintiest designs being shown in fancy dress stuffs, bright colours prevailing. Armure cloth is very pretty and durable. It

Fig. 15.



has a smooth surface with a small twill pattern. Thin Amazon and rabbit cloths are still displayed; but the choicest of designs seem to be in silk and woollen crepons.

These, both coloured and black, find great favour; and we do not wonder at this, for the patterns shown are very beautiful. The material is so soft that it hangs in most graceful folds, whether in pink or green for the little ones, or in the more sombre colours suitable for older folk. Broché alpaca and silk, as well as flowered material with a sort of satin finish, are used. These last are cheap, but do not ensure very useful dresses.

For hard wear there is still nothing that equals a firm estameneserge. Tweeds and cheviot cloth will still be used for the so-called tailor-made dress, but we venture to think that they will not find so much favour

amongst all classes as they did last season.

Sleeveless jackets and capes reaching only to the waist are made of the same stuff as the dress. Capes are circular-shaped, and are trimmed on the shoulders so as to appear like a second cape. Bright colours, such as pansy, mauve, petunia, cherry colour, and bright green, will be very fashionable, especially for millinery purposes. All the new cotton goods partake somewhat of the crepon order, and are in checks and stripes. They are very easily washed and do not require much ironing, and will therefore answer very well for children's frocks and pinafores.

Babies' pelisses are mostly made with a short-waisted body and a long skirt, while the cape is a straight strip of the material set on to a fitting yoke. For older children it is usual to set the pelisse into a yoke, and the

Fig. 16.



shoulders are finished with a deep collar or a full cape.

Fig. 15 illustrates a lady's cape, suitable for spring wear. It can also do duty on the cooler summer days or evenings. Some of the capes of this design are very elegant indeed, rich silk and jet trimmings being used. It is not

at all unusual to employ two materials, such as plain and fancy silk, or silk and velvet. As will be seen, it consists of two capes, which are flat on the shoulders and fall in ample folds below. The fronts turn back with revers, and a bow and ends of velvet or ribbon complete the waist.

Fig. 16. This useful Norfolk blouse is very suitable for morning wear, and can be made in tennis flannel, serge, or cotton material. It is remarkable to what perfection tennis flannels have come this season, the patterns and colours being really beautiful, and the expense nominal. The material is simply laid in three box-pleats back and front, and secured at the waist with a band and buckle. A turned-down collar finishes the neck, and the sleeve is moderately full. For easy, useful wear we can recommend this pattern.

Fig. 17. We show here a lady's dress and cape. It is made in petunia-coloured cloth, trimmed with watered silk, and the cape is lined throughout with silk. The foundation lining for the skirt is made separate from the material, and is faced up with the same about six inches deep, while the material for the skirt is edged with the silk and draped over

on to the right, the edges being also bordered with silk. A collar of guipure lace finishes the cape. The body worn with this dress is frilled from the shoulder to the waist, and has a silk front. A leg-of-mutton sleeve, with a cuff of silk covered with lace, is used, and a waist-band of silk.

Fig. 18. We close our page with a useful pinafore for a girl from five to ten years of age. Be sure that the skirt is nice and full, and that



the pinafore is a good length. The skirt is gathered with three runners, a narrow heading being left both back and front. These must be secured with a tape or band of stuff felled on to the wrong side. The pointed shoulder strap is edged with a frill of the muslin or lace. This pinafore is so simple that most of our readers will be able to cut it from the drawing.

Flat patterns can be supplied. Figs. 15, 16, and 17, 6½d. each; fig. 18, 4½d. Fig. 15 will include skirt and body, or skirt and cape. Address, "M.C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Fig. 17.

